

LURE OF HOME IS SIREN CALL TO TOURISTS

Westward-Bound Liners Laden With U. S. Travelers Who Long for Glimpse of Statue of Liberty Once More—English Visitors Join Americans Heading for New York.

By GERTRUDE LADY DECIES.

(Special to Universal Service.)

LONDON, Aug. 26.

THE tide of trans-Atlantic travel has now set definitely westward, thousands of Americans are returning home every week after touring Europe. The Majestic left a few days ago with 700 saloon passengers, including Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, who has been stopping at the Berkeley Hotel. He has been investigating the new chain-roller bearings for trains which have been experimented with by the Great Eastern railroad here, and which are expected to greatly reduce running expenses.

Major Vivian Lockett, famous polo player, is also on the Majestic, as well as the all-Ireland polo team—Capt. G. Goulding, J. French, G. V. Douglas and F. A. Gill, who will play in several tournaments during their visit of a couple of months.

MRS. WILLIAM STARR MILLER has returned to New York after the spring and summer in London and Paris with her daughter, Lady Queensborough. She will return this winter to go to Cannes with her daughter, who is now in London with her baby daughter. Lady Queensborough expects to join Lord Queensborough on his yacht at Deauville in a few days.

MR. AND MRS. CECIL CAMPBELL have left for America to remain there several months visiting friends in New York and Long Island.

QUEEN MARY has just visited at Charlton Park, the Malmesbury home of the Earl of Suffolk, famed for his collection of pictures. The countess, who was a daughter of Joseph Leiter, of Washington, was at the castle but was unable to receive the queen on account of suffering with a broken leg.

THE Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have left Blenheim Castle for Montfort, France. They will also visit at Paris for several weeks before returning to England. The Duchess of Manchester is now at her Devonshire

home, "Westward Ho," with her children. She is entertaining a party including the Earl of Kenton, Lord Islington, Sir John Listerkake and Lady Ethel Baird.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT and Elsie De Wolfe are taking the cure at Marienbad. They have been entertaining on a considerable scale in London, where they took a town house in Great Cumberland Place.

MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN, whose beautiful Fifth avenue home is an exact reproduction of the Elizabethan part of Lord Sackville's famous mansion, Knole Park, has left London for her villa at Florence.

Grouse are being brought to the Savoy and other leading London hotels by airplanes from the Yorkshire moors. The shooting opened on August 12. Special grouse parties are being given at which the birds were shot but a few hours earlier, hundreds of miles away.

L. C. WEINSTOCK, New York State Commissioner of Prisons, and Mrs. Weinstock are stopping at the Savoy. He is studying the British prison system.

"TALL oaks from little acorns grow," and all pretty ladies and gallant gentlemen were once just such little folks as these. Which explains, perhaps, why we all have a tender spot in our hearts for children. This is the very first time the newest Prochnik baby, daughter of the Charge d'Affaires of Austria and Mme. Prochnik, has faced the camera, and one must excuse her slightly astonished expression. The small daughters of the Agricultural Attache of the Legation of Czechoslovakia and Mme. Kuraz, are more accustomed to the responsibilities of diplomatic life and assume an

air of conscious unconcern. Mrs. Allen Pease's eldest little daughter is growing at such an alarming rate that she has quite outdistanced her younger sister and is almost as tall as her mother. Mrs. Clarence Coughlin, wife of Congressman Coughlin, is vastly proud of her pretty little daughter and sturdy small son, and (below) Mrs. Timothy Ansberry introduces a tiny lad as Timothy, junior. Mrs. Emily Newell Blair's two youngsters are almost too big to be included in this group of smaller lads and lassies, and we apologize profusely for a possible hurt to their dignity.



MME. PROCHNIK AND BABY

MRS. ALLEN PEASE AND CHILDREN

MRS. CLARENCE COUGHLIN, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN, AND BOY AND GIRL BARRING AND LENCHEN

MME. KURAS, WIFE OF DR. KURAS OF CZECHOSLOVAK WITH PAGMAR AND EVA

MRS. EMILY NEWELL BLAIR AND CHILDREN

MRS. TIMOTHY ANSBERRY AND BOY PETER

POLITICS IS FAVORITE AS INDOOR SPORT

Everyone Who Is Anyone in Capital Keeps an Anxious Ear to Legislation—Small Gathering to Hear President's Speech Consisted Mainly of "Regulars"—Other Notes.

By JEAN ELIOT

"JAM yesterday and jam tomorrow, but never jam today!" as the White Queen told Alice in Wonderland, about expresses Washington in its social aspect just now. There's plenty of society here—off and on—people of national and even of international reputation and interest—but for the moment society is not functioning, socially, in Washington. It did, and it will (one hears all sorts of interesting plans brewing for next season), but it isn't!

IT is playing politics, watching legislation, pulling wires, keeping a wary eye on the other fellow—and an anxious ear to the ground for rumblings of public opinion and popular desire, with elections less than ninety days off, and in some States thirty! It has no time for functions. In homely phrase it has "other fish to fry"—and, alas, no coal to fry them with! But none the less it is keenly interesting—and keenly interested. If only because everybody who is here—or who comes—has more or less a finger in the political pie, and takes a more or less intelligent interest in what's going on. There were nothing like so many people in the gallery the other day when the President addressed Congress as there had been on other occasions of "a message from the President"—personally delivered. For that matter there were nothing like so many people on the floor of the House. The Senate did pretty well; it was rather generally in town, for it was on the last lap of its long struggle with the tariff—and on the verge of—oh yes, apoplexy, doubtless, but that isn't what I wanted to say—on the verge of a vote. The House had not yet really gotten itself together after its recess. It knew for a certainty that it would not get the tariff for a few days; and it didn't know for a certainty when—or even whether—the President would address Congress. And it was very VERY busy at home!

The Supreme Court, usually an impressive little group of big men, was entirely absent—it is scattered to the four winds. The diplomatic corps, usually conspicuously and decorously—not to say decoratively—present was rather conspicuously absent. It had no place on the floor of the house, and but few of its members were in the diplomatic, alongside of the executive, gallery. Many were out of town. Besides, this was "not their funeral." The Cabinet—the President's little official family—was pretty generally in attendance, the one or two absentees being readily accounted for as absence on perfectly understood public business. There were some empty seats on the floor of the chamber. There were even some empty seats in the gallery. One could not but agree with the murmured comment of a neighbor, "Humph, stripped for action aren't they?" They were.

IT was stifling hot—and perhaps one felt it the more, that the summer had been so cool. The week before was actually cold. Washington had been sleeping under blankets, and the condition had given point to the coal question which the President was to discuss that day.

Watching the assembling of the audience?—congregation?—just what would one call it?—was as always interesting. Looking down from the gallery on the bald heads of House and Senate, to say nothing of the Cabinet, it was amusing to note the varying shades of red and brown of those legislative domes. There was Nick Longworth, whose well-tanned bald spot was suggestive of a vacation spent at other games than bridge. He seemed to have reversed himself. He is in winter addicted to brown clothes, and his hands and face and his good bald head gleam white against his brown clothes, but here he was in immaculate white linen, with his skin tanning from oak to mahogany and his bald spot a lovely golden brown. Nearby him sat "Uncle Joe" Cannon, sprightly enough in action, but looking "as incredibly old as a

newborn babe," in repose, shading his eyes with his hand—dosing, do you suppose, in that kindly shelter?

In the rear of the chamber half a dozen flappers, presumably clerks and secretaries to some of the members, seemed to know everybody, and flirted harmlessly with anything in trousers that would respond, from the youngest page to the oldest senator. Of course there were plenty of the old time hardboiled members of both houses who frowned awesomely at them. One knew that they were sighing for the good old times before the war, when congressional rules and traditions still had some weight. The girls, who frankly wanted to take in the show, were the only representatives of the eternal feminine on the floor, for "Miss Alice" Robertson had not yet returned from Oklahoma, where she has recently won her party's nomination.

UP in the gallery it was different, though there was nothing like the turnout of women usual to such occasions. Mrs. Harding arrived fully fifteen minutes before the President was due, but she slipped into her place so quietly that her arrival was scarcely noticed. She is one of those women who can give an impression of trim coolness even when it is physically impossible for her to be feeling that way. She wore a dark blue silk, with delicately striped inserts of something rather lacey. And her hat—I think it was white—had rosettes of blue silk lace-edged. You know the sort; one has seen them on so many of the smart summer hats. It was one of those generally useful costumes that every woman loves to have in her wardrobe, but finds herself rather overworking—a "when-in-doubt dress." If I'm not greatly mistaken, she wore the same outfit a few days later when she stood with the President as he reviewed the soldier students from the citizen training camp at Meade early this week. It would have been entirely appropriate at Bar Harbor, where she and the President had hoped to spend a few days anyhow, as one by one their other dreams for the summer went blue-ey.

For once Mrs. Harding was the only woman in the White House party—and indeed the only woman in the executive gallery—which the White House party had all to itself. (It happened that all the cabinet women were away. Mrs. Hughes who has been here all summer, had gone up to Canada with her daughter Miss Elizabeth, who is to spend the time that her parents are in South America with friends there; and Mrs. Hoover who has been here off an on—must have been off, as I didn't see her, and that is the sort of public occasion—not a mere function—in which she delights. The diplomatic gallery adjoining was equally bereft.)

Chairman Albert Lasker of the Shipping Board was with the First Lady and Judson Welliver of the White House staff—looking rather gray—and Major Ora Ballinger, one of the White House aides by virtue of a friendly interest the Hardings have had in him since boyhood. (For it is told that he worked as a boy in the business office of the Marion Star, when Mrs. Harding was that publication's circulation manager; and he was quite the best "man" she had, even if he was only a boy. So when in later years he had won a commission in the army it didn't seem strange that he should have been detailed as one of the White House aides.) Just behind them, all by himself, was General Charles

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER CLOCKS PASSING SHOW AT NEWPORT

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER. NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 26.

MRS. CRAIG BIDDLE continues on—season after season—as the "best dressed matron in Newport."

All of which is very astonishing when one takes into consideration the fact that Laura Biddle, sr., is not, to lapse into the parlance of Thames street, "rolling in wealth." Strange to relate, the general public has always credited the entire Biddle clan with possessing unlimited coin of the realm. Such an impression is incorrect. The Biddle family for many years has occupied a pre-eminent place in the American social world, but at no time in the hundred and more years that they have been at the apex of the social ladder has any particular member of the clan been blessed with tremendous wealth. Unlike the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Drexels, etc., the Biddles never amassed imposing fortunes. Instead, they have, in most cases, spent the small amounts bequeathed to them by their thrifty and economical ancestors.

Not a few of the Biddles now residing in Philadelphia are downright poor. They have a very difficult time keeping up a distinguished social position on a well-nigh empty pocketbook.

Far be it from me to suggest that Laura and Craig are in the above mentioned class. Such a statement would be far from true. But—Mrs. Craig Biddle has not unlimited sums to squander on her Newport toilettes. Mrs. Williams Proudfoot Burden, Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes and many other persistent press-agented members of the Newport colony have stupendous "dress allowances," but, despite the glittering gold at their command, they cannot eclipse, socially, the beautiful Laura.

IN the first place I have noticed this summer that both Annie Burden and Margaret Stokes "overdress." Therein lies the secret of Laura Biddle's successful frock and gowns. They are simplicity personified and always conservative in cut. Like Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Mrs. Biddle makes a point of wearing one shade, and during the tennis matches at the Casino last week Laura appeared on the courts wearing a stunning frock of pale blue flowers.

The daughter of the Biddle household, Laura, jr., is one of the prettiest flappers in Newport and her daddy is justly proud of his future debutante. Last winter the Biddles had a small, unpretentious apartment in New York, and the other morning, when I chatted with Laura, sr., at Hill Top Inn, she explained that she will again eschew Philadelphia in favor of the metropolis. Truth to tell, the Craig Biddles have been away from the City of Brotherly Love for so many years—they were for a long time at Dinard, France—that they have become almost strangers in the social world in their home town. Later in the season Laura, jr., is scheduled to go to Isleboro, Me., where she will be the guest of the George W. Childs-Drexels.

Uncle George and Aunt Mary Drexel are extremely fond of the pretty daughter of the Biddle household and they will probably arrange a number of gala entertainments in her honor when the time arrives for her presentation to the Newport-New York-Philadelphia smart sets.

THE Sylvanus Stokeses are living in grandeur this summer at Mrs. Stokes' mother, Mrs. Gibson Fahnstock's villa, and frequently following the daily dip in the briny deep at Bailey's, the Stokeses gather together a num-

(Continued on Page 3, This Section.)